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A memorial of Mrs. Sarah  
Hayes Jacobus, widow of the





















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✓  
A MEMORIAL

—OF—

MRS. SARAH HAYES JACOBUS ✓

WIDOW OF THE

REV. M. W. JACOBUS, D.D.

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BORN, NEWARK, N. J., May 30th, 1815.

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*“A woman that feareth the Lord she shall  
be praised.”—Prov. xxxi, 30.*

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DIED, PRINCETON, N. J., January 25th, 1882.



# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

— BY —

PROF. SAMUEL J. WILSON, D.D.





MRS. JACOBUS was the eldest daughter of Dr. Samuel and Eliza Hayes, and was born in Newark, N. J., May 30, 1815. While at school in the city of New York, at the age of sixteen, she was converted and made a public profession of her faith in Christ in the First Presbyterian Church of Newark, N. J. She was married in her native city on January 7th, 1840. Her husband, Rev. M. W. Jacobus, was at that time pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y. Suffering from a bronchial affection, she spent the winter of 1849-50 in Florida. In the following summer Dr. Jacobus, by the advice of his physicians, made an extended journey abroad, visiting Europe and the Holy Land. In these journeyings he was accompanied by Mrs. Jacobus. While absent abroad Dr.



Jacobus was elected to the chair of Exegesis in the Western Theological Seminary; and on his return, removing to Allegheny, Pa., he entered upon his work in that field in the Autumn of the year 1851. In this important sphere of usefulness Mrs. Jacobus was his companion and counsellor and sympathizer until his death.

Mrs. Jacobus was slight of form, erect, graceful, quiet in voice and in demeanor; every tone, inflection, movement and gesture evincing the most thorough culture and refinement. A soul full of intelligence, sensibility and benevolence lighted up her countenance, so that sometimes it became radiantly beautiful, and was always pleasing and attractive. By nature, by culture and by grace she was singularly endowed with those gifts and virtues which peculiarly fitted her



for the spheres in which she lived and labored. When she came to Allegheny she was in the prime of life, and in her family and in the various fields of beneficence which opened to her she found full exercise for her faculties. She took an intelligent and lively interest in her husband's Professorial work, and in his studies and labors as an author, and in the affairs of the Theological Seminary. This interest in the Seminary never abated while she lived, and at her death by bequest she founded a scholarship in the institution, named after her honored and lamented husband. During thirteen years of her residence in Allegheny, her husband, in connection with his Professorship, was Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, Pa. In this relation her influence was most happy. She was an intelligent and



discriminating helper of her husband in his preaching and in his Pastoral work. Her influence as Pastor's wife was quiet and unobtrusive, but was deep and abiding. Thus occupied with her domestic duties as an helpmeet to her husband, and as a most loving, tender, watchful mother to her children; with her duties in the church and congregation; her duties as wife of a Professor in the Theological Seminary; her life passed almost devoid of historic incident, yet on that very account it was all the more precious to those whom it blessed, and all the deeper and fuller in its beneficent and lasting effects within the sacred precincts of its hallowed and its hallowing influence.

As her beautiful life was thus spent, her character to those who knew her bore some marked characteristics.





Her *unselfishness* was conspicuous.

She lived not, she planned not, she labored not for herself. She found her happiness in seeking the happiness of others. Her life was inwoven with the life of her husband, with the lives of her children and her friends. According to human standards she was a perfect exemplification of the charity that "*seeketh not her own.*" For her to have desired or to have sought anything for her own enjoyment and gratification would have been altogether alien to her nature and her peculiarly unselfish disposition.

Another characteristic was her *equanimity of temper*.

Never even in the tones of her voice was there a suggestion of irritability, and never did I hear from her lips one uncharitable word. All annoyances and vexations she



met with an unruffled temper. She was always the same. She was always sweet, gentle, kind and cheerful. Nor was it by virtue of a disciplined will through which, by self-control, she concealed her emotions, but amidst all annoyances her temper maintained its equanimity and sweetness. "*In her tongue was the law of kindness.*"

Another characteristic was her *Domesticity*.

Her tastes, her habits, her life were domestic. The throne and sceptre of her influence were in her home. "*The heart of her husband could safely trust in her.*" She was a most loving and affectionate wife, and a most devoted mother. "*Her children arise up and call her blessed.*" Her presence in the house was pure sunshine. There she bestowed the best she had to give. All her attractions of culture, of brightness, of intelli-



gence, of geniality were freely and constantly displayed in the dear home circle, and from this circle of intensified influence the force of her example is perpetuated in her children.

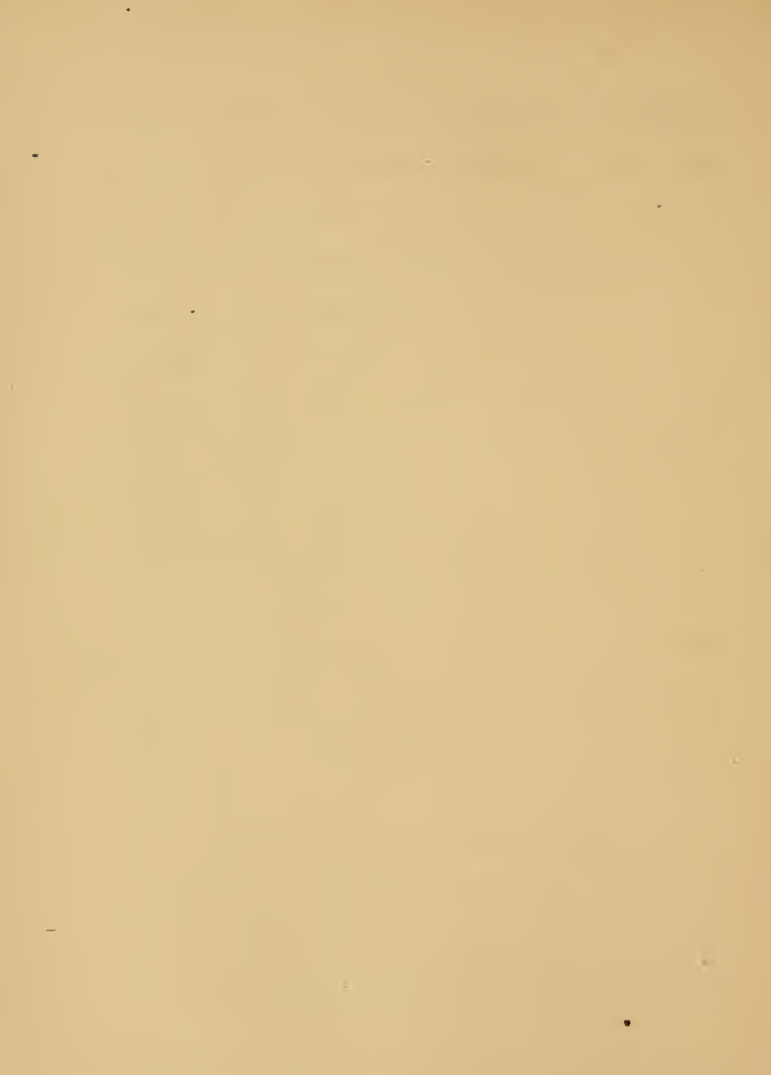
Underlying and pervading all these virtues was her *simple, genuine piety*.

She was a woman of faith, and of prayer. She studied the Bible as the Word of God, accepted its teachings and promises as the teachings and promises of her Lord; and her life, in consequence, abounded in the "fruit of the Spirit, which is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Her piety was quiet, undemonstrative, consistent, genial, hopeful, and pervasive. It was the aroma of a loving, trustful spirit.

Thus gifted and blessed; happy in her work and in her associations; devoted to her



husband and to her children, hopefully looking forward to many years of usefulness and happiness, her life was suddenly overcast with gloom by the almost instantaneous death of her husband in the early morning of Saturday, October 28th, 1876. Turning his eyes towards her as she was occupied in another part of the room, the last word which he uttered was the endeared and familiar name "Sarah," and before she reached him with her swift and eager ministries his spirit had departed. The writer was the first to reach the chamber of death. We were alone with the dead; and even under this sudden and awful blow Mrs. Jacobus was calm and self-contained. She made no outcry: she had every faculty completely at command: with now and then an intensely earnest ejaculatory prayer, as though she were





speaking confidentially with the Lord Jesus, her manner was very much the same as usual.

After this sudden, crushing sorrow the world was never the same to her again. Her home in Allegheny, the scene of so many labors, and the centre of so many pleasant associations, was broken up. She removed to Princeton, N. J., in order to be with her youngest son during his course of study in the College and in the Theological Seminary. Notwithstanding her great sorrow she did not become morose or gloomy. For her friends she always had the same winning smile, the same ceaseless thoughtfulness about the happiness of others. With the tenderest solicitude she watched the progress of her son Melancthon through his Classical and Theological courses; and with her blessing on him she sent him to Germany to



complete his studies abroad. The last weeks of her life she spent in Allegheny and Philadelphia, visiting her children and friends, and reviving former memories and associations, and to her friends she was never more sweet, gentle and loving. She had ripened for heaven. Upon her return to Princeton she was attacked with severe illness—Pneumonia—which in a few days proved fatal. Thus lived and died an almost perfect woman. "*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.*"



# FUNERAL ADDRESS

— OF —

REV. WILLIAM M. PAXTON, D.D.

— AT —

NEWARK, N. J., JANUARY 30th, 1882.



How rapidly Death is gathering his harvest! The Father is taken, and how soon the Mother follows! It seems but a little while since we gathered to the funeral of the Husband, and now the Wife is called to join him in our Father's House.

When a *good man* dies, it is like the quenching of a star under whose genial radiance we delighted to walk. But when a *good woman* dies, it is like the drying up of a fountain in the desert. We sit down and weep by the dry fountain which so often refreshed us.

I cannot feel that we are here to-day to mourn, but rather to indulge affectionate memories of one whom we loved, and to express our tender sympathies for the family which has lost such a blessed Mother. We





think of her as discharging with a happy success duties of the threefold relation which she sustained *as a Mother, as a Minister's Wife, and as a Christian.*

*As a Mother,* she trained these children for God. Her beautiful smile made sunshine in the family. Her tender heart kept the children in genial sympathy with herself. The influences of her Christian home moulded their characters. Her happy and cheerful experience of religion attracted them to "the ways of pleasantness," and her consistent example led them onward in the path of life. It was my privilege to baptize her youngest, and I knew her solicitude for her little flock, and how the chief desire of her heart was gratified when God called them one by one into the Church, and especially when her son, the child of so many prayers, was led to



choose for his life-work the Ministry of the Gospel. She lived to see them all grow up to maturity, all gathered into the Church, and this filled her heart's desire.

What a precious inheritance these children have in their Mother's memory, and what an inspiration to right action in the recollection of her single-hearted piety.

*As a Minister's Wife* her record is in the life and labors of that honored servant of God, whom she cheered by her presence and helped by her hopeful spirit and genial sympathy. Next to the grace of God I do not think that there is any one influence as effective as that of a wife in moulding the character and directing the life of a Minister. To her husband this blessed woman was a perpetual benediction. In her peculiar pleasant way she once said to me, "I cannot help



my husband in his work, but I try not to be a hindrance." She modestly underrated her own influence. Those who knew her and her relations to her husband were aware that she was a positive helper. She watched over his health, thought for his comfort, arranged her household to meet the conditions of his professional life, welcomed his friends, cultivated an interest in all his pursuits, cheered him in discouragement and stimulated and strengthened him in every good work. If the Minister looks forward to a blessed reward, his faithful wife will doubtless be a sharer of his welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," and a co-partner in his blessedness when he shall shine "as the brightness of the firmament, as the stars for ever and ever."

*As a Christian* we all know that this



blessed Mother "walked with God." Her heart was fixed with a simple child-like confidence upon Jesus, and she passed through life leaning on His arm. In the congregations of which her husband was Pastor, she has a record in the hearts of a loving people. Her gentleness and sympathy attracted the young and old. Her social influence was a bond of union in the Congregation. She had a ready hand for all good works, and a lively interest in every benevolent enterprise. In the Theological Seminary, of which her Husband was a Professor, she cared for the students, took thought for their health, arranged for the comfort of their rooms, entertained them at her home, and ministered to them in sickness. Some of these students are here to-day to honor her memory, and many others, as they read the notice of her funeral, will shed a tear





of gratitude at the remembrance of her kindness.

Blessed woman! She has gone from us, leaving behind a legacy of precious memories. Let it be ours to tread the same pathway of loving devotion, and to enter to the same reward.



















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